

The Historie of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute:)
To morrow, coosen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth:
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs, at *Shrewsbury*.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we neede his helpe these fourteene daies:
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whome you now must steale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinks, my moiety North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scandle out:
He haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall runne
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Hot. Yea, but marke, how he beares his conrse, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight, and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Henry the fourth.

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was traine vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an English dittie, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornaments:
A vertue, that was neuer seene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter baller-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, He giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:

But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
He hast the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Hot. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a Dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulted Rauens,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the seuerall diuels names

